

CANZO N 14,

THOUGH like an exile from mine eyes
divorced In solitary dungeon of
Refuse I live, impatient that I live,
perforced, From thee, dear object of mine
eyes, a recluse. Yet that divine *Idea* of thy
grace, The life imagery of thy love's sweet
souvenance, Within mine heart shall reign
in sovereign place; Nay, shall it ever
portray other semblance ?
No ! never shall that face, so fair
depainted Within the love-limned tablet of
mine heart, Emblemished be! defaced
or unsainted ! Till death shall blot it, with
his pencil dart. Yet, then, in these limned
lines ennobled more, Thou shalt survive,
richer accomplished than before

C ANZON 15.



|E'ER were the silvery wings of my
Desire Tainted with thought of black
impurity! The modest blush that did
my cheeks attire, Was to thy virgin
fears, statute security ! When to a
favour's sweet promotion My joyless
thoughts, thou hast advanced higher!
O then sigh's sacrifice of my love's
devotion
I sent, repurified in holy fire !
My fears, how oft have I ingeminated ! (O
black recite of passed misery!) Thy heart
for to entender ! they have intimated
(Besides what thou hast seen *I*) what I have
suffered for thee ! But see ! since eyes
were aliens to thy beauty, I sing mine own
faith, and neglect love's duty!